

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



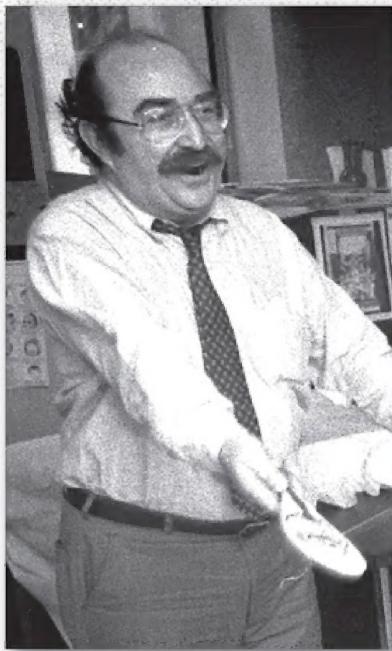
MARVEL

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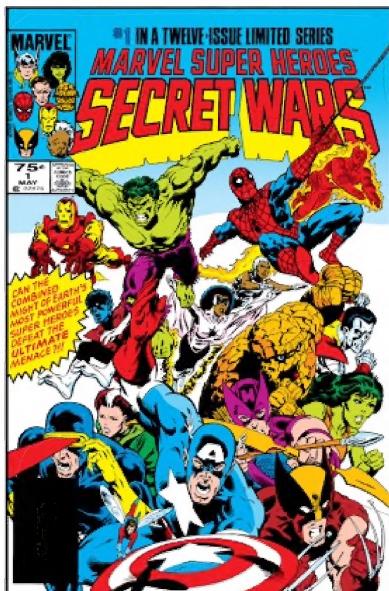
SPENCER  
FERREIRA  
FAUCHER  
HOLLOWELL

## IN MEMORIAM



PHOTOS COURTESY OF ELIOT R. BROWN

# MIKE HOBSON 1936–2020



Last month, longtime Marvel Comics Publisher Mike Hobson passed away. In remembrance of his life and work, Mike's friend and colleague Tom DeFalco, former Marvel Editor in Chief, shared his memories of the Marvel luminary.

Many are the unsung heroes of the comic book industry. These people are the hidden giants who work behind the scenes — without credit, fanfare or fame — but are essential to the creation of your comics. They are people like Mike Hobson.

As a supervisor at Marvel, Mike was the greatest. He encouraged initiative, listened with an open mind and always supported his people. He rarely raised his voice and had a near-magical way of defusing tense situations. (Mixing creative people with those from marketing, sales or accounting is usually a recipe for disaster.)



Mike defined the word "gentleman." He was refined and soft-spoken, had an infectious laugh and was an intriguing conversationalist, well-versed in a variety of subjects. He knew the best restaurants, the tastiest dishes, the most flavorful wines and the finest hotels. An invitation to dine with Mike was always a treasured event. He was the adult we all wanted to be when we grew up.

Whenever I think of Mike, two occasions spring to mind. One is the very first time Marvel sent me on a business trip by myself. Mike asked to see me before I left. I went to his office with pen and pad, expecting some last-minute business instructions. Instead, he told me to make sure I made lunch and dinner reservations and gave me a list of restaurants.

I also recall sitting in my office one afternoon when a furious Mike burst in.

"Do you know what those two idiots are doing?" He asked.

"Which two idiots?" I responded.

Mike glared at me for a moment and then suddenly exploded in unrestrained laughter. He actually fell into my couch, and it took him several minutes to regain control. It seems two of my editors had stuck a fishing pole out our seventh-floor window with an old Milky Way for bait and were trolling for passersby. While Mike could appreciate the humor in the situation, he felt our editors needed to adhere to a higher standard of professionalism. That was Mike.

Mike Hobson was my boss and my friend. He will be missed.

**Tom DeFalco**  
November 2020

PETER PARKER was bitten by a radioactive spider and gained the proportional speed, strength and agility of a SPIDER, adhesive fingertips and toes and the unique precognitive awareness of danger called "SPIDER-SENSE"! After the tragic death of his Uncle Ben, Peter understood that with great power there must also come great responsibility. He became the crimefighting super hero called...

*The Amazing*

# SPIDER-MAN

*Previously...*

Using the Sin-Eater, Kindred cleansed many villains of their sins, including Norman Osborn, the Green Goblin. The defeat of the Sin-Eater returned those sins to the villains, except the Goblin. With this new shot at life, Norman revealed a secret: Kindred is actually Norman's son, Harry Osborn.

Harry has been tormenting his old pal Peter Parker as punishment for Peter's "sins." The torment ended when Norman trapped Kindred in a Darkforce cage constructed by Kingpin. Norman asked Peter to help reform his son, but Peter refused.

While Spidey was dealing with all this, someone unexpected showed up at Aunt May's doorstep, pleading for help. It was Martin Li, the benevolent alter ego of the deadly crime boss **Mr. Negative!**

**NICK SPENCER**

*writer*

**MARCELO FERREIRA**

*penciler*



WAYNE FAUCHER | inker MORRY HOLLOWELL | colorist  
VC's JOE CARAMAGNA | letterer

MARK BAGLEY, JOHN DELL and EDGAR DELGADO | cover artists

JUNGEUN YOON | variant cover artist

ANTHONY GAMBINO | designer LINDSEY COHICK | assistant editor  
NICK LOWE | editor C.B. CEBULSKI | editor in chief

SPIDER-MAN created by STAN LEE and STEVE DITKO

# **NEGATIVE SPACE PART ONE**

THERE'S  
NO GETTING  
AROUND IT.  
THESE LAST  
FEW DAYS?

I'VE  
BEEN TO HELL  
AND BACK.  
SCRATCH  
THAT--

--I'M NOT  
BACK AT ALL.  
NOW IT'S JUST  
ALL AROUND ME.

I TAKE IT  
WITH ME,  
EVERYWHERE  
I GO.

MY SINS ARE  
ALL JUST  
LINGERING...

--LIKE OLD  
GHOSTS,  
HAUNTING  
ME.

NO, NOT  
GHOSTS--



--DEMONS.

AND IT'S TIME  
I FACED THEM.

COME  
ON,  
THEN--



--IT'S ALL CONNECTED.

EARLIER.

MARTIN,  
PLEASE--YOU  
NEED TO EAT. GET  
YOUR STRENGTH  
BACK UP.

F.E.A.S.T. PROJECT

AFTER  
EVERYTHING  
I'VE DONE TO YOU--  
I DON'T DESERVE  
THIS KINDNESS,  
MAY.

HELP ISN'T  
SOMETHING THE  
NEEDY EARN, MARTIN.  
IT'S SOMETHING  
THEY ARE  
OWED.



I FIRST  
HEARD  
THAT FROM  
YOU.

HH. I SAID  
MANY THINGS.  
MOST OF THEM  
LIES.

I OPENED  
THIS PLACE TO  
HIDE THE OTHER  
SIDE OF ME FROM  
THE WORLD.  
WHILE MARTIN LI  
PLAYED SAVIOR--

"--MR.  
NEGATIVE  
GREW IN  
POWER."

IT WASN'T ALL A RUSE, MARTIN.  
THE F.E.A.S.T. CENTER DID A LOT  
OF GOOD FOR THIS COMMUNITY.  
THAT'S WHY I'VE WORKED SO  
HARD TO GET IT BACK UP  
AND RUNNING.

AND NOW  
HERE I AM,  
PUTTING ALL  
THAT IN  
JEOPARDY.

NONSENSE.





YOU  
NEED FOOD AND  
SHELTER. THIS  
IS MY JOB.

BUT, MARTIN,  
IT MIGHT DO SOME  
GOOD IF YOU EXPLAINED A  
BIT MORE CLEARLY WHAT'S  
HAPPENED TO YOU. WHEN  
YOU TRIED TO TELL ME  
EARLIER, YOU WERE  
A BIT--

DISORIENTED.  
YES.



"I FEEL LIKE  
I'VE EMERGED  
FROM A YEARS-  
LONG FOG."

"I HAD LONG  
AGO GIVEN UP  
TRYING TO FIGHT  
THE NEGATIVE  
SIDE OF ME."

"I TOLD  
MYSELF I HAD  
LEARNED TO  
ACCEPT THE  
BALANCE--"



--BUT THE RESULT  
WAS MERELY  
SUBSERVIENCE.

"I REMAINED  
BURIED IN HIS PSYCHE  
NEARLY ALL THE TIME,  
GROWING WEAKER  
BY THE DAY--"



--UNTIL I SAW HIM.  
THE SIN-EATER,  
'CLEANSING'  
VARIOUS CRIMINALS  
AROUND THE CITY.

"IT TOOK EVERYTHING  
I HAD, BUT I MANAGED  
TO REGAIN CONTROL AND  
APPROACH HIM. I DIDN'T  
SUCCEED THE FIRST  
TIME, BUT EVENTUALLY--"



"I REALIZED  
THIS WAS MY  
CHANCE."



--IT  
WORKED.



"WHEN I AWOKE, I FINALLY KNEW THE PEACE I'D SOUGHT FOR SO LONG."



"I HAD NOTHING AND I LOVED IT."



"AS SOON AS HE RETURNED, I FELT HIM FIGHTING TO TAKE CONTROL AGAIN."

"I BLACKED OUT MORE THAN ONCE, BUT SOMEHOW, I WAS ABLE TO CAST HIM BACK OUT. I HAVE NO IDEA HOW--PERHAPS DUE TO THE UNIQUE NATURE OF OUR EXISTENCE."



"AT ANY RATE, I WAS FREE ONCE MORE."



"AT LEAST LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE IT HERE."

BUT I NEVER SHOULD HAVE COME.

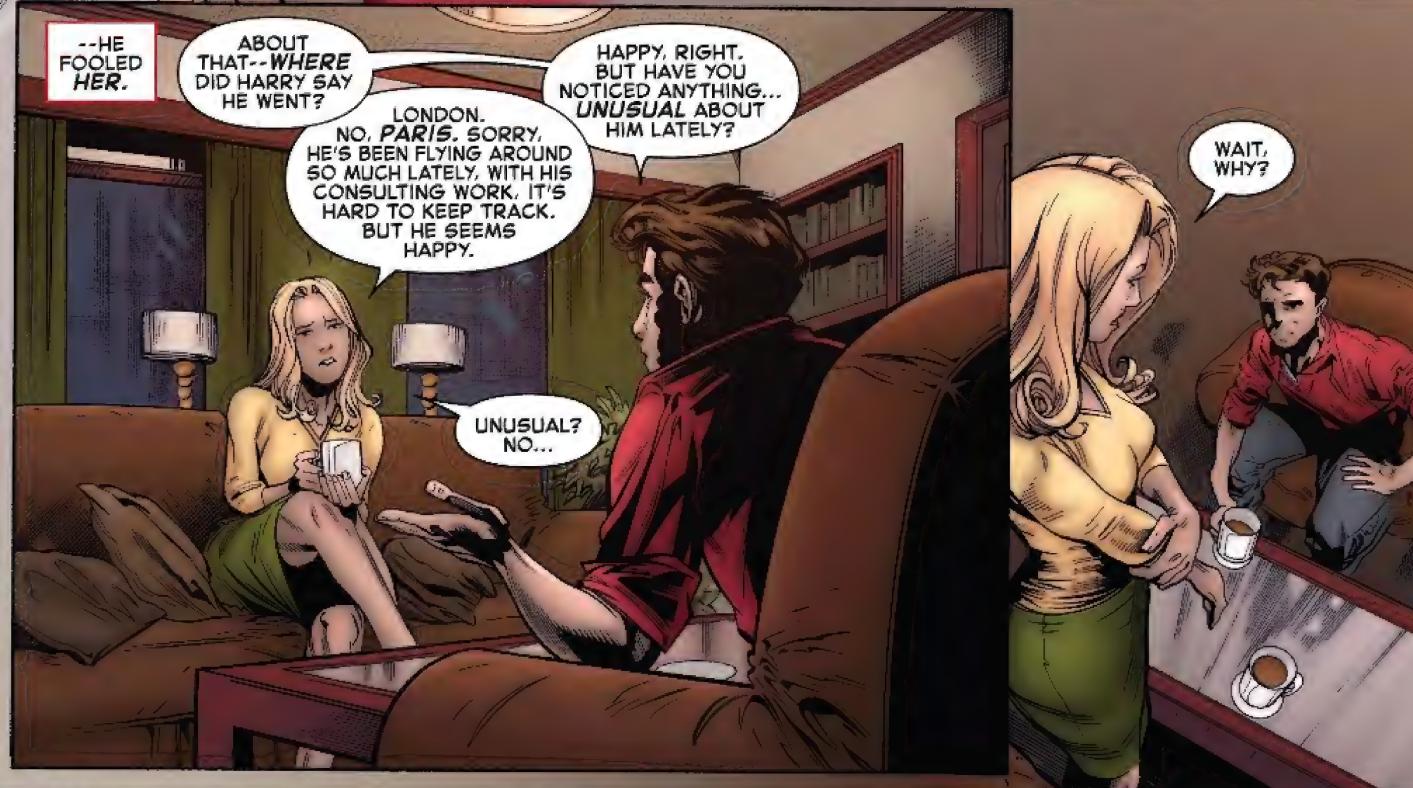
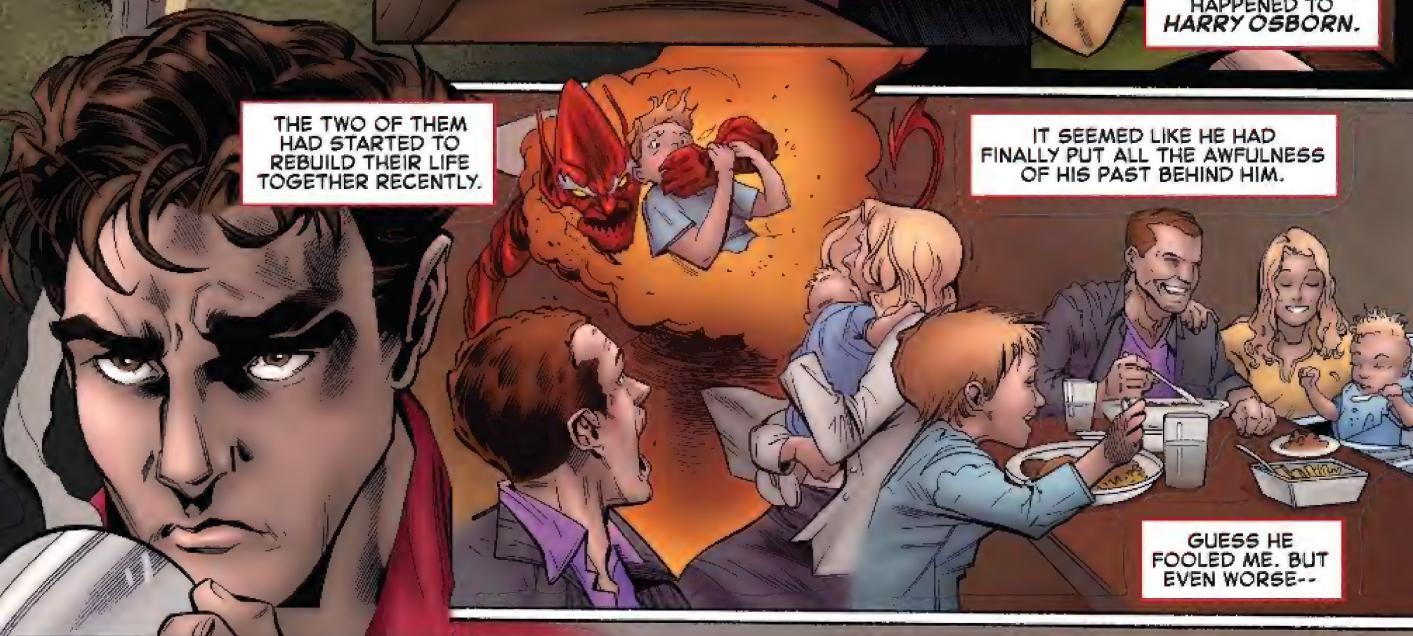
MARTIN--

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--I'VE PUT YOU, AND THIS PLACE, IN DANGER. I HAVE NO IDEA HOW LONG I CAN HOLD HIM OFF. AND EVEN MORE THAN THAT--

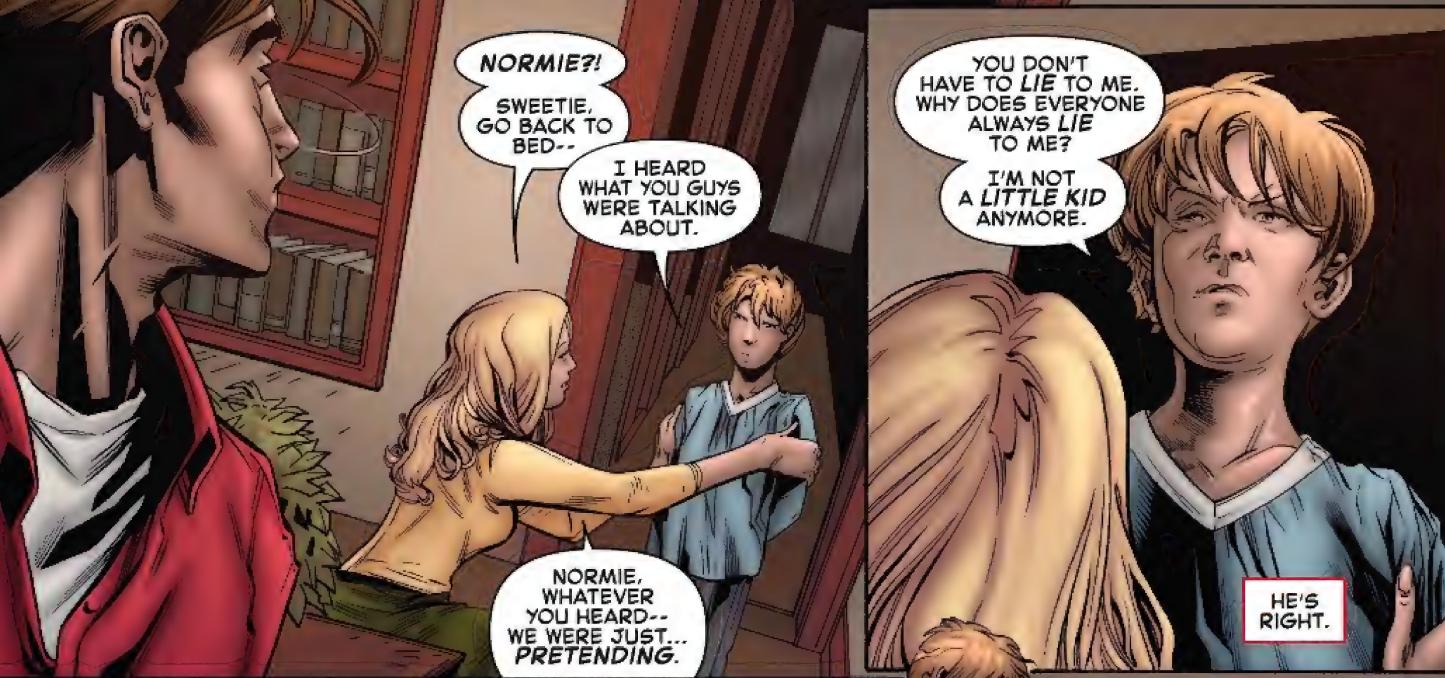
--I TOLD YOU I BLACKED OUT BEFORE. WHICH MEANS HE WAS, EVEN JUST MOMENTARILY, IN CONTROL.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE DID WITH THOSE SLIVERS OF TIME--











AND THERE IT WAS. IF I HAD LINGERING DOUBTS ABOUT HARRY'S STATE, THE REALITY WAS STARING RIGHT BACK AT ME.





THIS PRIVATE  
ENOUGH FOR YOU,  
OSBORN? HOW DID  
YOU EVEN KNOW  
I WAS HERE?

I HAVE THE  
RESIDENCE UNDER  
PROTECTIVE  
SURVEILLANCE.

PROTECTIVE.  
I BET.

I COULD  
SWEAR I TOLD YOU  
TO STAY AWAY FROM ME  
AND EVERYONE I CARE  
ABOUT! THAT INCLUDES  
THOSE PEOPLE IN THERE--  
WHOSE LIVES YOU HAVE  
ALREADY DAMAGED  
ENOUGH.

I-I  
UNDERSTAND,  
PETER. AND PLEASE  
KNOW--I AM DOING  
MY BEST TO HONOR  
YOUR WISHES. BUT  
THIS COULDN'T  
WAIT.

IT INVOLVES  
SOMEONE  
YOU LOVE.

I ALREADY  
TOLD YOU, NORMAN--  
I AM DONE TRYING  
TO HELP HARRY.

PETER,  
IF THAT WERE  
TRUE--

THINK ABOUT THAT  
LATER--THAT'S NOT  
WHO I'M REFERRING  
TO.

AS YOU KNOW,  
I WORK FOR  
WILSON FISK  
NOW.

YEAH. IT'S  
THE LINKEDIN  
OF MY WORST  
NIGHTMARES.

WELL, JUST  
NOW HE WAS AT  
RAVCROFT  
CHECKING IN  
ON HARRY--



--WHERE I MANAGED TO OVERHEAR HIM DISCUSSING AN IMPENDING ATTACK.

"SOMETHING AN ORGANIZED CRIME FAMILY WAS BEING PERMITTED TO CARRY OUT THIS VERY EVENING."

AN ATTACK? WHERE?

THAT'S JUST IT-- IT'S A SHELTER DOWNTOWN, THE F.E.A.S.T. CENTER.

ISN'T THAT RUN BY MAY PARKER?

OH GOD-- AUNT MAY!!!

LIZ!!  
LIZ, I'LL--  
I'LL BE BACK  
AS SOON AS  
I CAN!



# THOOM!







AND SURE, YOU'D THINK  
FACING OFF AGAINST DOZENS  
OF NEARLY INDESTRUCTIBLE  
CRIMINALS WOULD BE MY  
WORST NIGHTMARE RIGHT  
NOW. THEN AGAIN--

**SNATCH**

--YOU MIGHT BE  
SURPRISED.

**SLUTCH**

YOU KNOW,  
I ALMOST  
FORGOT HOW HARD  
YOU GUYS ARE  
TO HURT.

NORMALLY,  
THAT WOULD BE  
A PROBLEM. BUT  
RIGHT NOW? THE  
WEEK I'M HAVING?!  
FELLAS--

--THAT'S  
JUST WHAT  
I NEED!!!

HEY--

--WE ALL NEED  
SOMETHING,  
RIGHT?

DO YOU  
REMEMBER  
THAT DAY,  
"KINDRED"?

BECAUSE  
I DO.  
I THINK OF IT  
OFTEN.

"THE GUIDES  
TOOK ME DEEP INTO  
THE CATACOMBS  
OF PARIS.

"THEY WARNED ME OF  
THE DANGERS, BUT I  
PAID HANDSOMELY  
ENOUGH FOR THEM TO  
STILL ESCORT ME...

"THEN  
THEY PAID,  
AS WELL.

"I WAS BROKEN, IN  
EXILE, AND I FELL  
TO MY KNEES,  
BEGGING YOU--

"AND THEN YOU  
SMILED UPON  
ME. YOU SMILED  
AND SAID--"

NO.



NEXT:



Issue #59

Let us know how we're doing! Drop us a line at [SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM!](mailto:SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM)  
Be sure to mark it "Okay to print"!